

THE WHITTIER  
**PICTORIAL**

15c

July 12, 1951



GIRL WITH A PAST  
PAGEANT OF BRIDES  
CIVIC CENTER PROBLEM

## The Readers' Free Press

To the Editor:

Being interested in good government and thoroughly sold on an honest application of the merit system of employment in the public service, it has been of much concern to me that postmaster appointments (involving one of the most influential positions in any community) are supposed to be made pursuant to Civil Service Laws but actually are not. You can, therefore, well understand how intrigued I was with your article *A POSTMASTER IS BORN* which appeared in the May 17, 1951, issue of THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL. Your statement of the case is witty and amusing and, I should say, largely factual.

I naturally must regret that you lost your innocence concerning postmaster appointments in your own community. But I am afraid the loss of your innocence is not yet complete in view of your own "cunning scheme to keep any political nominee from getting the plum." I am sorry I must contribute to the complete destruction of the ideals "of a despairing idealist." I have indicated on Page 2 of the enclosed Pamphlet 2223, issued by the U. S. Civil Service Commission concerning postmaster positions wherein it is stated that applicant "must actually reside within the delivery of the office for which the application is made." But perhaps the three brightest political employees you have recruited do reside in Whittier. Still I am afraid you will cease to be an idealist if they are not Democrats.

Please, however, do keep up the good work of supporting the Civil Service Commission in its annual recommendations to the President that—

"The requirement for Senate confirmation of postmasters in first, second, and third-class offices should be eliminated, and the career system should be extended to all postmaster position. Politics should be eliminated from the appointment of postmasters."

It is such truthful publicity as you have given to this postmaster farce that has the best hope of arousing public support for accomplishing honest-to-God Civil Service procedures in the filling of postmaster appointments.

W.M. A. JORGENSEN

Mill Valley, Calif.

To the Editor:

My attention was recently directed to an article authored by you, published in the May 17, 1951 edition of THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL—title, "A Postmaster Is Born." In my view it is interesting, informative and sound—and amusing too. Too bad that you didn't have or get access to persons who know thoroughly the intricacies of the devious appointment machinery. However, it seems to me that you covered the matter quite well enough . . .

HARRY T. KRANZ  
Regional Director  
U. S. Civil Service Commission

San Francisco

# The WHITTIER PICTORIAL

Whittier's Own Local Picture Magazine

Published every other Thursday at Whittier, California

(EXCEPT ONE ISSUE IN AUGUST)

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VOL. II, No. 6

JULY 12, 1951

The Whittier News for June 20 says that a woman living on Howard St. told police that an electric light bulb was stolen from her front porch last January. *We believe that this citizen should be prosecuted for unwarranted delay in reporting a crime.*

### YOU CAN STILL GO TO CAMP, FREE!

If you are a boy or a girl, aged 9 to 12, you can still win a wonderful free eight days at beautiful Camp Arbolado in the cool San Bernardino mountains, but you'd better act fast, because the deadline for girls is July 11, and for boys is July 25.

If you'd like to know how easy it is to win such a trip, drop by THE PICTORIAL office and pick up the details. And if you're working on the plan now, let us know how you're doing.

In a gallant attempt to establish an annual tradition, The Pictorial announces that it will not publish the issue scheduled for publication on August 2 (dated August 9). The reason: after 33 consecutive bi-weekly issues we've decided we need a vacation. All subscriptions will automatically be extended one issue. The August 16 Pictorial will be published on schedule.

NOW! MODERN

by KLING

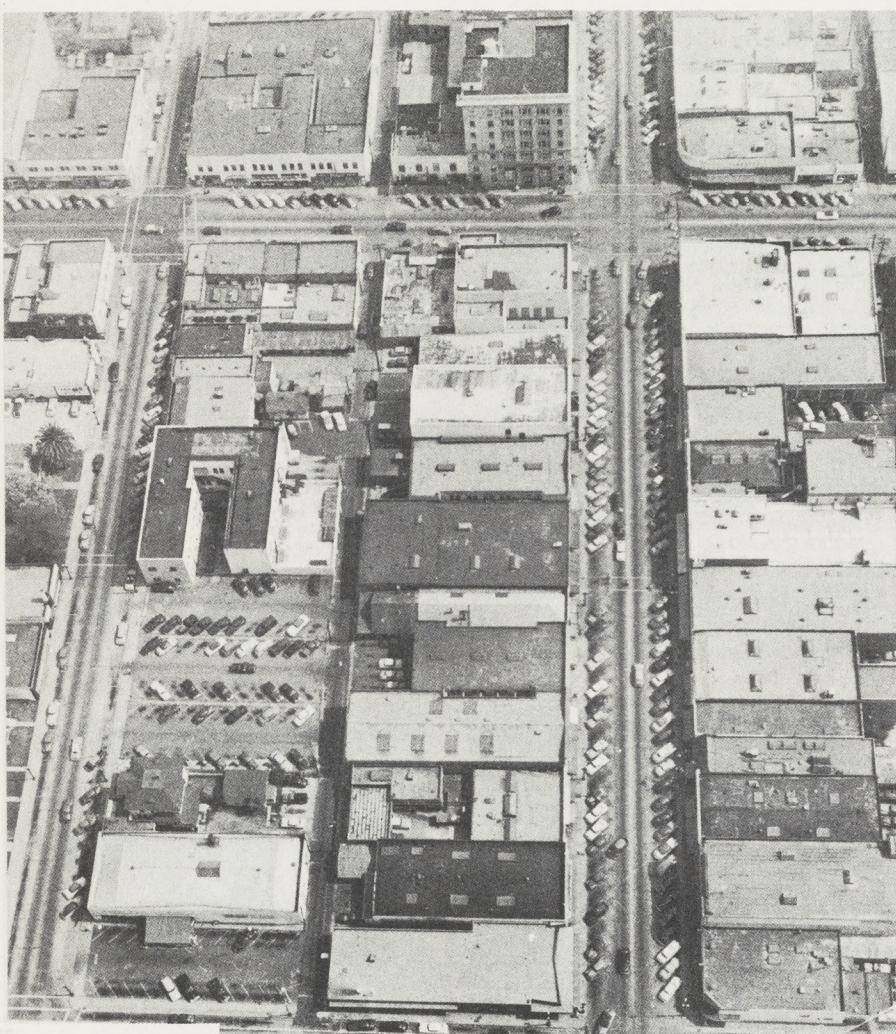


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## Whittier's Uptown Business Section Hopes Removal of City Hall and Library Will Open Way for Expansion Before It Is Too Late

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY MEL ALDRICH; O. K. FLOOD, PILOT



Aerial mosaic of uptown business section shows critical areas discussed in article. City hall, library occupy lower right, left corners of Bailey-Greenleaf intersection in narrow portion of picture. Block below this crossroads would boom if city facilities moved, businessmen say. Bailey school's playground, right, would be vast potential parking area. Bank of America building is at top of photo. Telephone company headquarters is at upper left.



# Parking... Or Else!

By Charles N. Pollak II

"Let's go uptown and do a little shopping this afternoon," a local housewife proposed to her neighbor the other day. Both ladies live in one of the attractive new subdivisions a couple of miles from the center of town.

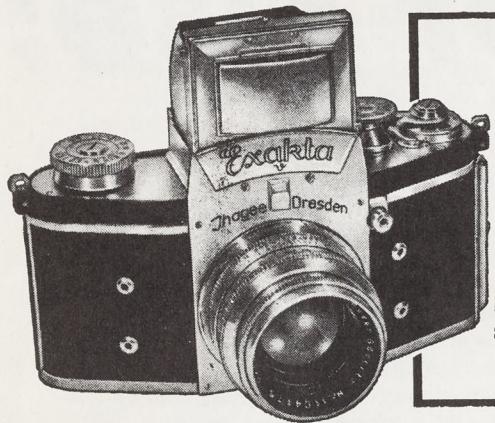
"Fine. I'd love to go," the neighbor replied, "but why don't we drive over to that new shopping section out on the boulevard? They've put in some of the cutest shops around that supermarket, and it's so easy to park."

"All right—it'll be easier than simply spending hours looking for a parking place up in Whittier and bucking all that traffic."

This dialogue may not sound like a sentence of death but that is precisely what it is. The victim is Whittier's uptown business district; the executioners—unintentional, to be sure—are the Whittier area's flighty shoppers. Our merchants do not bemoan the indignity of being doomed to a lingering death by the whims of a bunch of housewives. They are used to their feminine foibles and even build their businesses on them. The woman shopper, they realize, is dependably flighty and can be relied upon to follow the path of least resistance—a polite way of saying that she is lazy.

What uptown businessmen are gnashing their teeth over is the fact that the path of least resistance does not lead to their stores. It is rapidly becoming apparent that the path is going to lead to outlying shopping areas unless something radical is done—soon.

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**The Center Will Oust Us**

Whatever the opinion of the city officials on siting the proposed civic center east of Central Park, the people whose homes would be sacrificed to the new layout are mostly opposed to it—and vociferously so. THE PICTORIAL questioned the householders individually and found that all but one was against the idea, although one house is vacant and two owners of property concerned are away and could not be contacted. Here's what the others said, however:

MRS. ANNIE PRICE, 222 N. Friends, who is 80-odd years old, had thought that she had moved to her last home, but the extension of Park Street will run precisely where her house now stands. She fractured her hip in an accident recently, and now is in the hospital, but she left no doubt that she opposed the civic center plan. She said she was "afraid she couldn't find another house as close in."

LESLIE J. SIMS, 218 N. Friends, were away from home and could not be reached for an interview.

C. E. KEYES, 214 N. Friends, a real estate man, had vigorous ideas on the subject. He said: "The civic center should be farther west by several blocks. The south 400 feet of Bailey school property could, I'm sure, be acquired much more cheaply than this area. I understand that institution will be used for night school and school for the handicapped and will no longer need a playground. But if that area cannot be had, how about some place on S. Painter or W. Hadley? If the center should be close to the center of population, it should be near to the boulevard—not up here where the town is fenced in by the hills and cannot grow farther in this direction. And the park, why ruin it? Look at the people in it! It's probably the most used park in the city, and it's probably all that keeps some of those old men over there alive. Of course, they say they won't destroy all of the park, but believe me, what they plan will ruin it."



Knups caught short.



Ogilvies don't like it.

C. B. JOHNSON, 212 N. Friends, former bank official said: "It won't take me long to tell you what I think of this idea—I'm against it. I lived 40 years in this house. I don't want to move out. There is no price on the house—I wouldn't sell it, but of course I know the city can take it, if it wants to. And it's ridiculous to talk of closing off Friends. Why, I couldn't even guess how many cars go past here in a day, and that would mean overloading other streets."

WILLIAM H. HARRISON, an architect, has bought the large brown-shingled home at 206 N. Friends where Mrs. A. C. Johnson lived for a long time, but no one lives in the house now and, if the new plan is adopted, probably no one ever will again.

MRS. PAUL R. BARMORE, 223 N. Painter, was almost alone in saying that the plan was a good idea. "They have to put the civic center somewhere," she said, "and it might as well be here. Frankly, I think it would be a good idea to remove some of the houses on this site. Besides, if the center is well designed, and if the grounds are tastefully planted it should be an addition to the appearance of this residential area."

MRS. SVENSON G. MAJGREN, who runs a Swedish massage place at 209 N. Painter, said she "didn't like it," but was too busy for much comment.

MRS. WAYNE S. BATTERSBY, 213 N. Painter, thought the plan was "terrible," and "silly." She and her husband had lived there for 32 years, she said, and didn't want to "be uprooted now."

MR. AND MRS. J. C. KNUPP, 219 N. Painter, really will get caught short if the plan is adopted. They moved to the Painter address in August, "hoping to settle down here for good." They are building a four-car, two-apartment building on their property, but both it and their house would be taken over. "Mr. Stockdale told us that he surely would never vote for it," said Mr. Knupp, "and we surely hope it fails, although we realize, of course, that it has to be put somewhere, and someone will suffer."

GEORGE ULERİ, 201 N. Painter, owns that house and also the one at 414 Bailey, both doomed if the center project is adopted. Mr. Ulery was away, "but he'd come hopping back here if he knew what was cooking," said Laurie Ogilvie who, with his family, has lived at 201 N. Painter for three years. The Ogilvies thought the civic center plan a "waste of money," and thought the center should be set up "down that way," farther west.

MRS. BUD BURGESS, who with her husband has lived at 414 E. Bailey since the mid-thirties, thought the plan "silly," but stressed that since they were renters and not landholders, their opinions were simply offered for what they were worth.

That is why uptown Whittier faces the most serious crisis of its existence. The crisis hinges on the simple fact that it is hard to park here. It is not the sort of crisis that will result in immediate, dramatic consequences. Whichever way it is resolved, the result will be apparent only over a considerable period of time. If it is resolved unfavorably for uptown Whittier, outlying shopping areas will gradually take over its customers, leaving the older district the disagreeable alternative of quietly fading away. But if uptown merchants manage to solve their parking problem, their district should enjoy expanding prosperity.

You don't have to be a student of retail business to notice the two different trends in the evolution of Southern California shopping districts. On one hand, there is the centralized, crossroads-type, walk-in, traditional kind of zone. On the other, there is the more recent shopping area strung out along a well-traveled thoroughfare; it is designed for and completely subservient to the drive-in trade.

Whittier has both: uptown and on Whittier Blvd. Someday, perhaps, they will grow together, but it is certain that they will always be bitter competitors. Until recent years the boulevard was not particularly menacing. It did not offer the one-stop shopping that housewives prize and it was distinctly not for pedestrian shoppers. But when lack of parking began to strangle uptown Whittier, the boulevard was able to flex its muscles and rejoice in its spaciousness. And the large chain stores began to look to the boulevard, not central Whittier, for reasonably priced, abundant land for their sprawling enterprises.

#### Keys to the Key

Although parking is the key to uptown Whittier's fate, a great many businessmen have come to regard the two city properties straddling the intersection of Bailey St. with Greenleaf Ave. as the keys to the key. Get rid of the city hall and library, they argue, and retail business will be able to expand up Greenleaf. Much of the crossroads congestion will be relieved, they say, and plenty of additional parking space will be made available adjacent to the new stores constructed on Greenleaf between Bailey and Hadley St. No present-day merchant, they point out, will build without making ample provision for parking facilities convenient to his store.

Their attitude toward the city hall and library should not be misconstrued. It is akin to the attitude expressed in the old saw about women: you can't get along with them and you can't get along without them. They very much want the city hall and library close to their businesses but not on the two most promising business properties in the city. To the uninitiated, this is difficult to understand. They might ask, "Don't the city hall and library draw a good deal of foot traffic that is good for adjacent stores?" The answer is yes, but merchants also charge the two municipal corners with being a virtually impassable barrier between the crowded Greenleaf-Bailey block and the empty Bailey-Hadley one. Traffic studies here and elsewhere have shown that pedestrians refuse to walk past a long stretch of uninteresting frontage to reach the stores beyond. And the two city properties both extend 150 feet north along Greenleaf.

#### Many Plans Proposed

So, in effect, uptown businessmen say to the city buildings, "Nice to have you around, friends, but move over, won't you?" This feeling is not a new one. Removal of the city hall and library has been discussed for years. In 1945, architect William Harrison was commissioned to draw plans for re-utilization of the two sites with a view to including space for local county offices. His half-dozen sketches included proposals for expansion over to Comstock Ave., extension of the municipal sites up Greenleaf and over to Bright Ave. Former Supervisor William A. Smith even came up with a plan that would have plunked a city-county civic center smack in the center of Greenleaf, with traffic rerouted around it. But nothing was accomplished.

Interest in getting something done flared up again last year. It was not entirely motivated by the merchants. The city hall, after all, had been built by the Whittier Water Co. about 40 years ago and purchased by the city in 1922 for \$35,000 (the last \$1575 will be paid off next year). It was—and is—terribly overcrowded. The library, built in 1907 with a \$13,500 grant from Andrew Carnegie (and later expanded with a \$35,000 addition in 1928,) cost \$9948 to build. Its three lots cost \$4,000. There would be no real reason for it to move if it were not situated on a strategic business corner. What caused hope that a solution would be found last year was the impending construction of a new junior high school on Floral Dr. that would leave Jonathan Bailey school vacant. Both city and county officials thought that Bailey could be converted to an office building and its playground used for parking.

#### Bailey Out of the Running

But after several appraisals were made of the school property, school authorities announced earlier this year that they would retain possession for an unspecified time. They said they would need the structure for classrooms for about a year and thereafter for administrative uses. A simpler explanation comes from non-school sources: they say the city school district agreed to turn over to the state the proceeds of the sale of any of its properties as a condition for receiving its share of the \$250,000,000 state school-aid bond issue. Thus, there is no particular incentive for the school system to sell if several hundred thousand dollars of local school cash would go to Sacramento.

When it was clear that Bailey was out of the running, Mayor O'Melia appointed a committee of 13 citizens (with uptown interests) to study possible locations for a civic center. With Hugh Bruen as chairman, the committee consisted of Dr. Joseph L. Ahlering, Fred Bewley, John F. Dore, Mrs. C. O. Durrett, L. Bert Hill, Rev. Albert Jenkins, Milton A. MacLean, Mrs. Gurney D. Maple, James A. Miller, W. R. Moffett, Herman L. Perry and James A. Tuma. On May 18 it recommended that the city buy half a block of residential property between Friends and Painter Avenues adjacent to Central Park and that the civic center be built there. It was suggested that the site be combined with the park by closing off Friends between Bailey and Park St.

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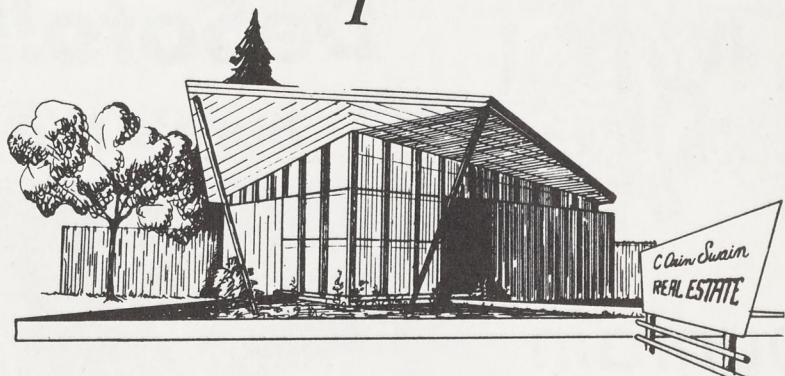
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The civic committee of the Chamber of Commerce made a similar recommendation. Also consisting of uptown businessmen, it included H. C. Dolde, chairman, Kenneth L. Ball, R. A. Downing, Judge Edward J. Guirado, Lewis A. Myers, Seth Pickering and Dr. Homer Rosenberger, Jr. This group did not, however, specify which of the blocks adjacent to the park should be acquired, leaving open possible acquisition of the Washington-Bright or Park-Hadley blocks for the civic center.

Plenty of opposition to these recommendation has already been heard and there will undoubtedly be more. Opponents of the Central Park plan may be divided into three categories: the first group consists of property owners who may find themselves bought out or, if they resist, condemned out of their homes. (Their views are given elsewhere in these pages.) They are supported by property owners living close to the proposed site who fear the residential character of the neighborhood will be destroyed. These are the people who feel the proposal is a direct threat to their homes. A second group opposes any move that would cut into Central Park. It feels that the city has too little park land as it is, that new parks are prohibitively expensive to establish once a community is built up and that Central Park is a tradition-hallowed beauty spot that should not be tampered with. The third group takes a less sentimental, more realistic view. "I feel that the civic center should be built in an area where there is room for expansion. If they put it next to the park, they'll be building up an area that brings up hard against the hills. They'd do better to build somewhere else where it would be easier and cheaper to expand and where they'd be closer to the geographic center of the city," one member of this group declared.

#### 'Blighted Area' Proposed

Other sites proposed in recent years have been (1) across Philadelphia St. from the high school library, (2) county-owned land where the Whittier Health Center stands on S. Greenleaf, (3) the block between Newlin and Milton Avenues, south of Bailey, and (4) a so-called "blighted area" site. The suggestion here is to build the center in a part of the city where real estate values have depreciated and land, consequently, is cheap. This kind of location would bring a restoration of property values and new life to the area where, incidentally, there would be plenty of parking space. An example was the construction of the UN world capital on six blocks of New York City slums and slaughterhouses. The adjacent property is now resplendent with gleaming apartment buildings.

Another proposal, once advocated by Public Works Director Marshall Bowen, is erection of a two or three story building on the city hall's present site. At least 100 feet of the 150-foot frontage would be leased to a department store or other large concern. The city offices would move upstairs out of the way, with the exception of a small ground-floor area retained for the city's routine walk-in business. The plan could include a full basement parking garage, or

land through to Comstock might be purchased for parking. Main advantage would be the lower cost over a park-site building. Two-thirds of the building's 42,000 sq. ft. of floor space would be used by the city. It is estimated that this type of building would cost from \$10 to \$12 per square foot, as opposed to the more elaborate and costly construction necessary in a park site. Also, the city could eventually write off the cost of the building.

#### Businessmen Oppose It

This plan is not favored by some of Whittier's most authoritative businessmen for various reasons. One man does not want the city in private business. Another wants to remove city hall congestion from the corner of Bailey and Greenleaf. Still another sees no room for expansion in the plan. At least one merchant said candidly, "I think it would be the best idea for the city—but not for my business."

Where does the matter stand today? The city council has received the two committee reports. It ordered an appraisal of the two properties that declared the market value of city hall to be about \$175,000 and the library \$125,000. (In 1938 the figures were \$50,000 and \$28,000.) Since Mayor O'Melia is determined to get something concrete accomplished in the near future, it is possible that bids for the two corners will be entertained soon, and that an architect will be asked to draw plans and estimate costs of the new building or buildings. The city—fortunately or not, depending on where you stand—has lots of money to work with.

In addition to what it gets for its present properties, the city may use \$135,000 remaining from sale of its sewer lines to Sanitation District 18 and \$40,000 from sale of its bus system. Over \$100,000 may be realized from sale of its Whittier Narrows water land to the federal government (we retain water rights), although this money probably will be allotted to the city water system, and from \$100,000 to \$150,000 may come from sale of its now unused sewer farm. "The politicians are going to spend the money anyway, so we might as well build a civic center with it," one of the city's more outspoken businessmen commented.

#### Who Gets the Corners?

Meanwhile, a lively scramble for the two city corners is anticipated. Local realtors have instructions from a number of Los Angeles contacts to inform them immediately if "something breaks" on the city's plans. One downtown client is interested in buying 100 feet of frontage in the middle of the Bailey-Hadley block—if and when. The S. H. Kress Co. is reported to be seeking one of the corners, as is the Santa Monica syndicate that put up the new building across Bailey from the library. So is J. C. Penney—its present 10,000 sq. ft. store could stand an expansion of 30,000 sq. ft., plus parking space. So is the local Woolworth store.

Fernando Caner, local Security Bank manager, told THE PICTORIAL, "Sure, we're interested in getting one of those corners." Lewis Myers, of Myers Department Store, said, "Yes, we are interested." And businessmen who know both of them reported that they both want the same corner—where the city hall is. "It would be better for business if the bank didn't get that corner," one said, "because a bank's short hours make it a foot traffic barrier just like city hall is." Another believed that out-of-town interests would be able to out-bid anything that local businessmen could offer for the coveted corner which, incidentally, is considered preferable because foot traffic invariably goes to the shady side of the street in the business afternoon shopping hour.

#### Greenleaf Parking Expected

If volume retail business does mushroom up the block, it is almost certain that a great deal of attention will be paid to parking. If plain lots prove too expensive, basements may be used. There is talk of private capital's constructing so-called "cage" parking buildings—open steel-and-concrete multi-floored structures in which ramps or elevators are used to stack cars vertically. Also possible is the use of the Bailey playground for parking, or other sites acquired by the Off-Street Parking Commission with its parking meter pennies.

Whatever happens had better happen pretty soon if uptown Whittier is to hold its own. A huge Market Basket supermarket with vast parking facilities has just been completed on the boulevard. So has a King Cole supermarket on Washington Blvd., and both are certain to attract enough adjoining stores to create shopping centers. A Better Food supermarket is almost ready at Broadway and Whittier Blvd. A 10-acre shopping center is going in at Washington and Rosemead Blvds. A 15-acre zone of retail stores is planned for the Friendly Hills frontage on Whittier Blvd., and it will include an Alpha Beta supermarket and probably a department store. Something big will be announced shortly for a five-acre boulevard site closer in, and an even larger project is in the wind, according to those who know. All of these developments will attract shoppers away from uptown Whittier even if uptown businessmen do improve the parking situation. If they don't they will have to prepare for a gradual decline of business to the point of stagnation.

So, from the standpoint of the uptown merchant who just happens to be located in one of the nation's fastest growing communities, uptown Whittier is indeed at the crossroads . . . where courage and vision now may stave off mediocrity and the specter of vanishing customers later.

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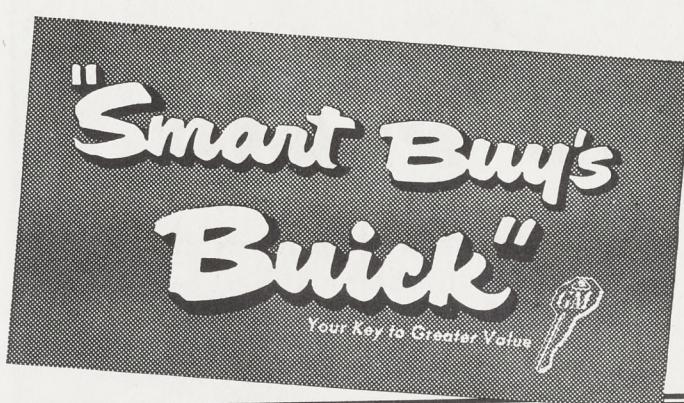
Above all, note what a Buick's price tag includes—how much more sheer automobile you get in a Buick than the same money would buy elsewhere.

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Mary Whittaker, Rivera, Ella Steifel and Jonny Lower, La Habra Heights, and Zada Huitt, Norwalk, watch foursome putting out on 18th green.

## Goofy Day Comes But Once a Year (Luckily)

A couple of motorists whipping up Hacienda boulevard the other day arrived at the place where the Hacienda Country club links stretch, green and inviting, on either side of the road.

"Look at the golfers, Joe," said one to another and then, in a fast double take: "YE GODS! Look at the golfers!"

Not sure whether they were seeing The Thing at play or what made Sammy run, they screeched to a stop and joined other interested passers-by engrossed in the spectacle sauntering past.

What they saw, of course, was Goofy Day, as she is observed by Hacienda Club ladies. It happens every year. Its origin may have been a bet or a dare, but its culmination is an annual fiesta involving ladies only, who prove themselves to be (for that one day at least) no slaves to fashion, but capable of vivid, imaginative and starkly beautiful creations of their own. The stark beauty of some of these is shown in accompanying photos.



Peggy Havener and friend pose, but didn't play. Peggy said her friend, Sally, didn't feel up to it.



Mardi Allen takes healthy swipe at ping-pong ball used way out of trap. It un-



way out of trap. It un-



Lucy Long had courage to flap way around course in husband's "best shoes," wearing her shoes inside.



Hy Raggio thoughtfully brings refreshments to 18th green. She said her costume was supposed to represent "just a nightmare." Finds grateful customer in Goldie Hall.



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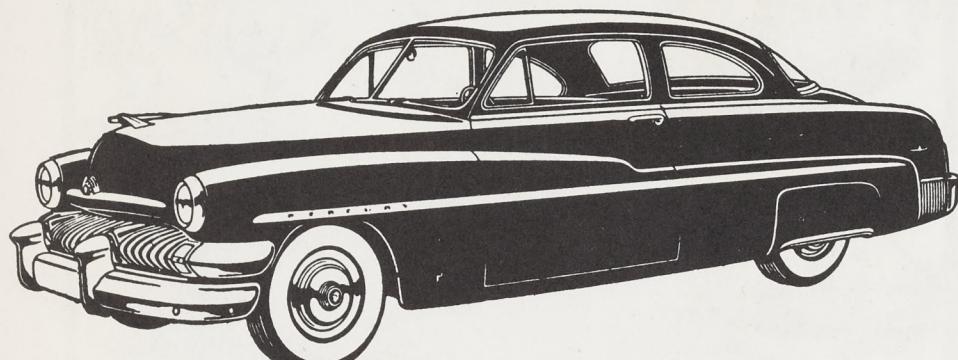
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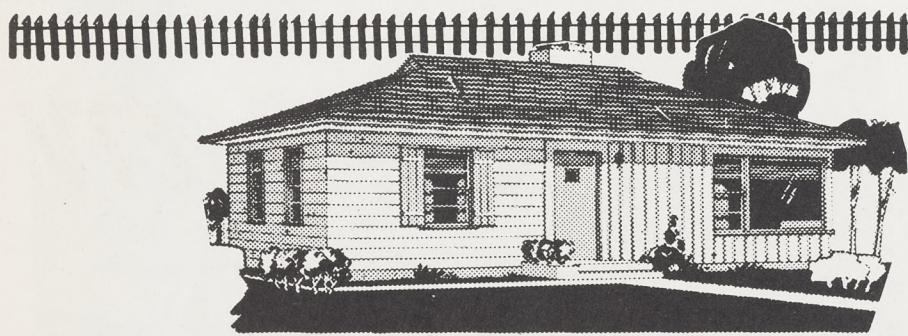
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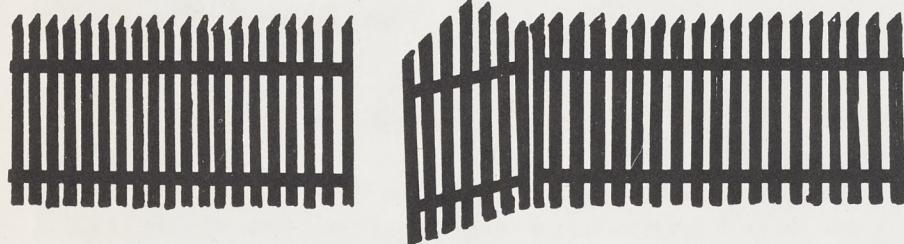
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## 40 Reservists Finish Local Police School



In case of emergency, these are the men who will replace and supplement regular police force.

An inconspicuous but important June graduation was that of 40 reserve policemen who have just completed four months of training that qualified them to supplement Whittier's two dozen regular police in an emergency. With Capt. Art Mallory as teacher, the reserves learned how to handle a club, frisk suspects, use handcuffs, and control rioting. They also were briefed on the civil and penal codes and how to behave in court. The reserves buy their own uniforms: khakis, \$40; blues, \$70; and the under-strength regular force is glad to have them aboard patrol cars anytime they have an evening free.



Reserve Lt. Ward Brande wants to see how unit instructor, Capt. Art Mallory, looks in reserve headgear while reserve Capt. Lewis Lally distracts his attention.



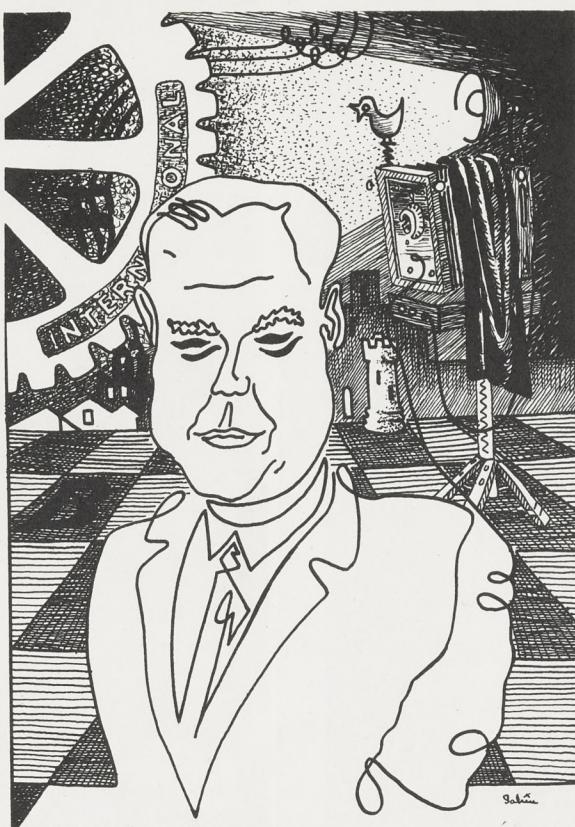
Two regulars pitch in to help feed hungry reserves and their families at graduation spread. That's Chief O. C. Smith toting sandwiches and Lt. Joe Clements stirring up something.



He looked like this to the lens of PICTORIAL photographer Jane Estep.

#### THE PICTORIAL'S BUREAU

The expression on Ralph Barton's face as pictured on THE PICTORIAL'S cover is one reserved for those who pose before his camera but decline to look pleasant. Thousands of Whittierites have seen it, smiled and walked out of his studio with pleased expressions on their faces and on his prints. One reason he is known to so many is that he is official photographer for high school seniors—he took about 500 school portraits this year. Another is that he is



*II--Ralph Barton*



Barton appeared this way to the pen of Marilyn Evenson.

#### OF **Artistic License**

Ralph Barton, civic leader, joiner, progressive and chess-man is an individual of continual activity. Therefore I have drawn Mr. Barton in a more or less continuous line, symbolizing by that means his unending devotion to our community and to its improvement. The background, which I believe to be self-explanatory, depicts his outstanding interests from the camera, complete with "birdie," to the castle which, like Ralph Barton, believes that a straight line is not only the shortest course, but is the only one to follow.—  
SABIN GRAY, Jr.

the new president of Whittier's Rotary Club and, until recently, was head of Whittier Art Association. Our Mrs. Estep says she remembers when he was an Ansco representative—"He was a darn good salesman." Mr. Barton's appearance on the cover, we are certain, will be something of a jolt to him but there may be poetic justice in exposing him to another photographer and an offset press, and then letting nature take its course.

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JANET YATUNI



Mrs. Jacob Polder adjusts ribbon in hair of Becky Darling who was called into service to wear gown of 1875 when no young modern could be found small enough to model dress. The dress fit eight-year-old Becky neatly except in length. Margaret Gnagy holds train of the fragile creation.

## Ancient Bridal Gowns, Omens Aired in Church

Traditions come and go but those associated with weddings seem to be almost law for every bride and are followed as religiously as the repeating of the vows themselves. Mrs. Calista Bliler, president of the Friendly Group of the Guild of the First Presbyterian Church recently provided a complete list of omens that must be adhered to if a bride-elect is to insure her marital happiness via the superstition route. The occasion was a money-raising benefit held at the church at which local wedding gowns dating from 1875 to 1951 were modeled.

The Minneapolis Journey of 1905 was the source of some of the following superstitions and omens: "To avoid the possibility of any bad luck, the bride-elect must not wash or wipe dishes on her wedding day because she might chip a piece of china and this is an exceedingly bad omen. Gray is the color a bride should choose for her going-away gown if she wishes to wear what for ages has been considered the proper thing to insure good luck. It is neither lucky nor socially correct for a girl to be seen in public after the invitations for her wedding are out. The girl receiving the longest piece of the groom's cake will be the first to be married." (Ed. note: this cake, a dark fruit cake, has almost completely vanished from the wedding reception of today).

If, after following all these superstitions, the bride is still unlucky then it can only be assumed that somewhere, unbeknownst to her, there was a tradition she failed to follow. The clipping failed to mention what the groom should do for luck.



Mrs. Janet Yatuni (left) displays Mrs. Charles Sones' wedding dress of 1946. Forty-five years' passage shows only slight change in the traditional wedding gown as Peggy Morton (left), in dress worn originally by mother of Mrs. Donald Dyer in 1903, stands beside Mrs. Jacob Polder who modeled her own dress worn in 1948.

Mrs. Morrison (left) looks anxiously for a recent bride who just about didn't make it to church in time for her part of the program. Eighteen-month-old Ann Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Thomas, looks wonderingly at that strangely dressed lady who is Mrs. Latimer.

# The GIRL with a PAST



## Being the Story of How Lucille Rowland Became a Native Daughter Because the Yorbas and the Rowlands Came to California Long Ago

It was a restless time for a fiery young man of Spain, who aspired to make his way with his sword and his stout right arm.

Gone two hundred years since were the glorious days of Cortez and Pizarro and de Soto—when an able youth with an accurate and ruthless blade could carve a career for himself in the mysterious and barbaric kingdoms of the fabulous New World. Now—*Carramba!*—there were *no wars* at all! The War of Jenkin's Ear and that of the Polish Succession had long since ended; even the little “duchy wars” with the free cities of Italy (in which men rarely got hurt, let alone killed) had fizzled out. The Seven Years’ conflict had ended half a decade ago, not that Spain’s part in it had been much—just enough for her to lose (temporarily) Florida and win (temporarily) Louisiana and change about the ownership of Cuba and the Philippines for a century and more to come.

Well, shrugged the Catalan, Jose Antonio Yorba, probably the New World still was the best bet; at least, an adventurous youth wouldn’t there die of boredom and inactivity. So the 23-year-old Jose, slender and straight as a Toledo blade, buckled on his sword and rode away forever from his home town of San Saturnino, bound for some port or other where he could ship out for the still almost unknown lands to the west. Eventually he signed on as a volunteer soldier-guard for a place he had never heard of before. The convoy on which he sailed left Spain in late 1768 for the rough and dreary South Atlantic. It lumbered through the horse latitudes, was becalmed in the doldrums, floated across the equator, stopped at a fly-bitten port or two on the Portuguese and Spanish east coast of South America. The ships either rounded the Horn or made the more perilous, but smoother, passage through the Straits of Magellan, touched briefly at Valparaiso, Callao, Guayaquil and, in mid-1769, reached its destination at last on the southern coast of Upper California.

An uninviting looking spot, sure enough, thought young Jose; but then, one place likely was as good as another and, being a soldier, he had no choice. Besides, things changed rapidly for the better.

For here he helped build the first Spanish mission in Upper California, to be named San Diego. Here Sgt. Jose Antonio Yorba made his first home in the New World, where he and his descendants, now “numbered in the thousands,” were to help found the settlements eventually incorporated in the state of California.

But there was not much fighting, after all, for a soldier to do, in this sunny and placid part of the New World. So young Jose took to himself a wife from Sonora and founded his family.

Whittier’s shapeliest representative among the descendants of this eighteenth century soldier is Lucille Rowland, six generations removed. Fittingly enough Miss Rowland, brunette, 27, and single, is president of the Whittier parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West (although she now lives at Yorba Linda), and is a charter member of the local chapter which was founded in 1948. No one could be more of a native daughter than Miss Rowland, since she is directly descended from one of the founders of the first Spanish settlement in the state. And in addition to tracing her ancestry directly to Jose Antonio Yorba, she can point to many another frontiersman or pioneer on other branch-

es of the family tree. She is more Californian than almost anybody. So she speaks authoritatively when she says:

“I love my state. It has a certain heritage—it has a background—which lends it dignity and makes it important. Sometimes I think I’d like to have lived in the time of the Dons, that I would have enjoyed that free and open life which has contributed so much to the tradition and cultural wealth of California. But, in the days of the land grants, or today in the time of the tracts, I’d still rather live here than anywhere. I’m a Californian!”

She is equally proud of her ancestry, with good reason.

Jose was the father of four sons, among them Bernardo Antonio Yorba, who was born at the presidio or fort of San Diego, in 1801. Destined to become famous, partly through his fascinating will which has made California legal history, Bernardo married Maria Felipa Dominguez, who was born at San Diego in 1812; and her mother, Maria Venancia Sotelo, surely was one of the first white children born in California. She made her appearance May 20, 1789, also at the presidio of San Diego, which apparently was as much baby clinic as fort. Before we leave the Yorbas, temporarily, it should be noted that Bernardo and Maria had a daughter named Maria Leonor Yorba and it was she who married into the Rowland side of Lucille Rowland’s ancestry.

The Rowlands came to America four years before the first Yorba arrived at San Diego, but of course they settled on the east coast. Of Welsh origin, they landed at Boston, moved to Delaware, then to Maryland where John Albert Rowland was born April 15, 1791, the first year of Washington’s presidency. John inherited a roving and adventurous disposition; the fact that he was youngest of nine children may have had something to do with his rolling out of the family nest at an early age. He studied surveying at Boston, then joined a company of trappers bound for the West—although he got only as far as Ohio with them. Later he went to St. Louis, then the gateway for the grand wilderness of the Far West, and in 1823 he left Old Franklin for Santa Fe with a caravan which probably included a dozen or two men and several score pack mules. The year before, William Becknell blazed the famous Santa Fe Trail to open trade with the Spanish southwest, but no one would dare attempt the 780-mile journey with wagons for five years more. Scarcely two decades earlier Lewis and Clark had made the first northern crossing of the continent, and the golden age of the Mountain Men—the beaver trappers of the forbidding, Indian-infested Rockies—was almost here. John Rowland was 32 years old in 1823. He settled at Taos, New Mexico, and soon became “well and favorably known in both Taos and Santa Fe,” according to a recent historian. He there met William Workman, an Englishman, and entered into a business partnership with him, the two being more or less closely associated the rest of their lives.

Those were wild days in New Mexico. The partners dealt heavily in fur. Mountain Men, who often remained away from St. Louis for a decade or two at a stretch (even if they kept their hair), would breeze into Taos or Santa Fe every few years loaded with beaver, energy, an almighty thirst and a hunger for white feminine companionship. They’d sell their beaver and throw terrific fandangos that usually resulted in brawls of heroic proportions and more often



Lucille Rowland in accurately fashioned early day costume, and her 18-year-old black horse, Boy. The silver mounted saddle and trappings have won her many trophies in pageants, parades, and fiesta shows.

than not ended with a hurried flight to the wilderness when the money was gone and odds against them grew too huge. Often these wild men married Taos women or, if there was no time to formalize the union, simply kidnapped the girls of their choice on their way out. Rowland and Workman, both steady individuals, tempered as best they could the explosive spirits of these ebullient free trappers, but they liked the Mountain Men and made many friends among them. Two years after arriving at Taos, Rowland married Maria de la Encarnacion Martinez. Workman also married an *hija del pais*, and the two applied for naturalization, although they did not become Mexican citizens until they arrived in California several years later.

One of the better known Mountain Men was Kit Carson. As a boy, Carson had been apprenticed to David Workman, brother of William, and when he ran away to go West and trap beaver, Workman (who may have secretly sympathized with the youth) issued a "wanted" circular which offered one cent reward for his return. But that was long before, and Carson and partners became fast friends. Kit told them of the wealth of sea otter and other furs to be had in California and before long the two easterners developed visions of a golden future on the Pacific coast. In 1841 Rowland made a horseback trip to California and returned enthusiastic about possibilities there.

That he made the journey successfully and favorably impressed the California authorities spoke well for him.

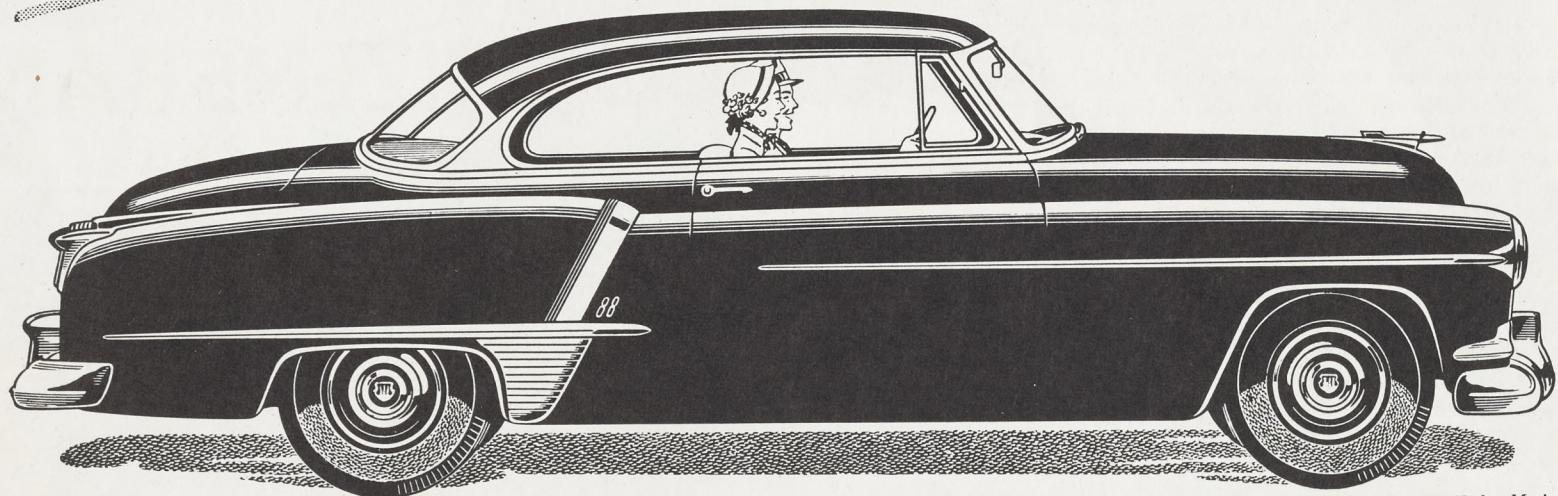
Rowland was of about medium height, very broad shouldered, quiet spoken, reliable, tough and reasonable. He spoke Spanish perfectly, of course. At this time there was considerable uneasiness in California about the activities of the *yanquis*. The horse-stealing raids of Peg-Leg Smith and Joe Walker did little to endear *los americanos* to California authorities. Mexico felt this northern province slipping from its grasp and so was suspicious of travellers from the expanding United States. But despite all this, Rowland was well received and determined to bring his family west. Unsettled conditions in New Mexico helped to persuade him. The turbulent Texans, enjoying their newly won independence, were talking of conquering New Mexico and all Mexicans of *yanqui* origin were suspect, naturalized or no. And so a score of families banded together and with Rowland and Workman as co-captains, set out either that year or the next, for California where, after one brush with the Apaches, they arrived safely. Their's was the first wagon train to make this difficult desert crossing, coming by way of what is now Silver City, New Mexico, Yuma, Arizona, the Salton Sea and Indio, the caravan disbanding where the Los Angeles city hall now stands.

Under Mexican law, a naturalized foreigner, who became a Roman Catholic and upon recommendation of a priest, could be granted 11 square leagues of land (a league was 4,438 acres). Rowland and Workman found a priest to recommend that they be given the La Puente land grant of nearly 49,000 acres

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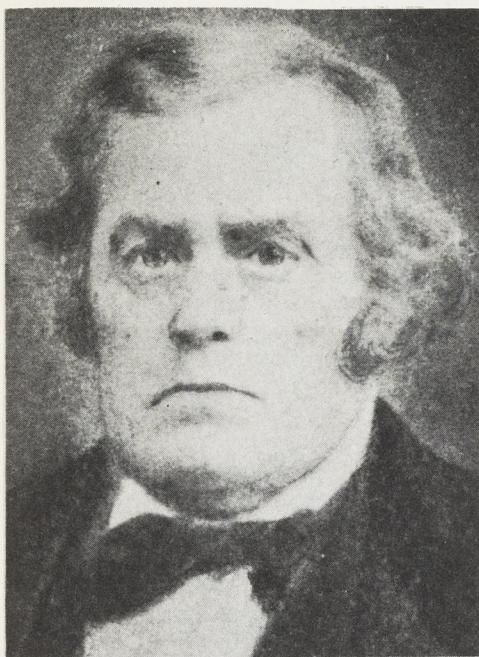
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Bernardo Yorba

Bernardo Yorba, with his own signature.

John Rowland, from a portrait apparently painted over a photograph. This picture shows the sturdy visage of one of Southern California's most notable pioneers.

and the former rode to the capital at Monterey where he found the governor a little dubious about signing over this rich rancho to the *extranjeros*. Rowland thoughtfully offered to employ a lot of Indians and, as a clincher, hauled out a sack containing \$1,000 in gold. The governor's eyes brightened and he observed that Rowland apparently "would make a good owner of the property, willing to care for its dependents and to pay (his) share of the public debt." The partners got the grant, which they split between them.

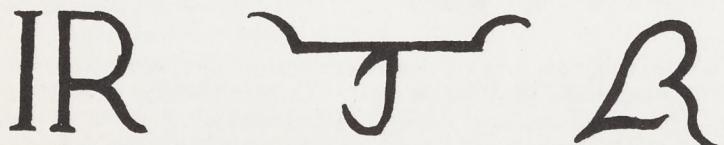
It was subsequently certified by the United States government.

But in leaving the turmoil of New Mexico, the emigrants had leaped into a new fire, for Californians were amusing themselves with a series of minor revolutions. Rowland and Workman, however, picked right among the current disputants and with about 50 other Americans stood with Pio Pico at the battle of Cahuenga in 1845, where they won the day. Pio Pico was installed as the last Mexican governor, largely through their efforts. Rowland then sided with the Yanks during skirmishing between American and Mexican forces for California, was captured and spent a few days in the Los Angeles calaboose. He was released through intercession of Pio Pico, but not in time to take part in the battle of San Gabriel where the fate of California was decided.

Rowland and his partner sat out the gold rush with considerable equanimity, although produce from their ranchos brought good prices in northern markets. Rowland built an adobe home on San Jose creek about half a mile south of Puente. Both he and Workman established mills (bringing mill-stones from Santa Fe) and the memory of Workman's Mill is perpetuated in the name of the road linking Whittier and Puente. Both families prospered. Rowland's wife died in 1851 and the following year he married again, this time an English lady who had come over the plains by wagon train.

Most of the work on the ranchos was done, of course, by Indians descended from mission converts of Spanish and Mexican days. These people lived a pretty poor life, and they soon came to think that money—pure *dinero*—made all the difference in the world, as perhaps it does. One particular workman was known as "old Cano," until one day he found \$300 in gold near the ancient highway. Immediately his companions began to refer to him as Don Cano. When he began to spend the money, a project on which he embarked almost immediately, he was called Senor Don Cano, and, as his fame grew, he was even referred to as *el Señor Don de Cano, caballero*, no less. But it didn't take long to go through his newly found wealth, and once again he was known to one and all simply as Old Man Cano. Rowland personally had adventures with the Indians, too. Once, it is said, near his home he came upon a group of rebellious natives who suddenly attacked him. "Being a man of reason," said one account, Rowland "did not wish to shoot the Indians. (He had) only a shotgun, which he immediately began to use with telling effect as a club. Although outnumbered, Rowland more than held his own until a stalwart brave . . . grasped the gun. The gun barrel was broken off the stock, with Rowland in possession of the barrel. A lucky blow laid low the native, but Rowland was so badly done up that he was scarcely able to stand."

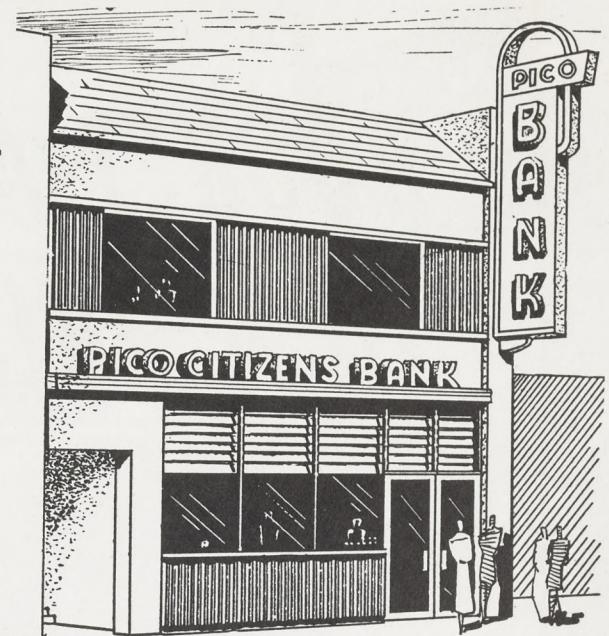
Rowland and Workman together ran about 10,000 head of cattle, besides thousands of head of other livestock. They planted large orchards and vineyards, irrigated hundreds of acres and even kept swarms of bees (which cost \$100 a swarm). When cattle were sold, Rowland would stack gold coins from the sale on the white marble mantel over a fireplace in the dining room. Guests



John Rowland's brand, left, was registered July 8, 1843. It probably was meant to be "JR", but the alcalde made an error. Center brand was registered by Jose Maria Ramirez, ancestor of Miss Rowland's, Aug. 20, 1845. Brand at right is Lucille's, handed down from one registered to her great aunt, Luisa Ramirez who, fortunately, had same initials.

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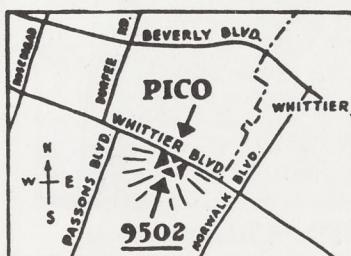


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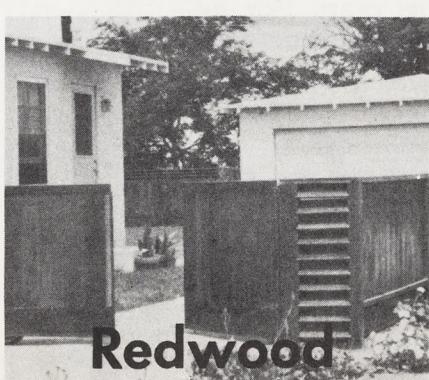


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requiring funds helped themselves.

About 1870 or 1871 he divided his rancho among his progeny, and the process of division has gone on, from generation to generation, since, until no large sections remain intact.

Although he had to be a Catholic in good standing when awarded his land grant, Rowland attended the Masonic Lodge at El Monte and when he died in 1873, aged 82, he was given the first Masonic burial to be held in the valley.

Juan Bautista Rowland was his son by his first marriage. Juan married Maria Leonor Yorba at Rancho Cajon de Santa Ana, uniting the Rowland and Yorba families. To get the subsequent genealogy straight: their son, Roberto Pedro Rowland married Ramona Yorba; their son Robert C. Rowland married Francisca Josefa Ramirez; and their daughter was Lucille Rowland, about whom we started to tell you. Another of her ancestors acquired considerable local fame in the 1870's. He was William Rowland, brother of her grandfather, who, while sheriff of Los Angeles county, succeeded in capturing one, Trabucio Vasquez, a badman who had long terrorized the region. Vasquez once tried to steal from John Rowland's wife the proceeds of a large cattle sale and although she out-foxed him the incident no doubt spurred William Rowland in performance of his duty.

Lucille was born March 22, 1924, half a block from the present Murphy hospital. She attended Whittier high, but didn't like it much because her class was so large—there were 500 students in it—so she was happy when her folks moved to Puente where she was graduated in a high school class of only 75. Her father joined the marines when World War II came and, in 1944, was killed in the re-invasion of Guam. Her mother then married John H. Anderson, who lived on a 54-acre citrus ranch on S. Norwalk which was sold for tract purposes about a year ago. The family moved to Yorba Linda. Miss Rowland commutes from there each day to her job as medical secretary at Murphy hospital.

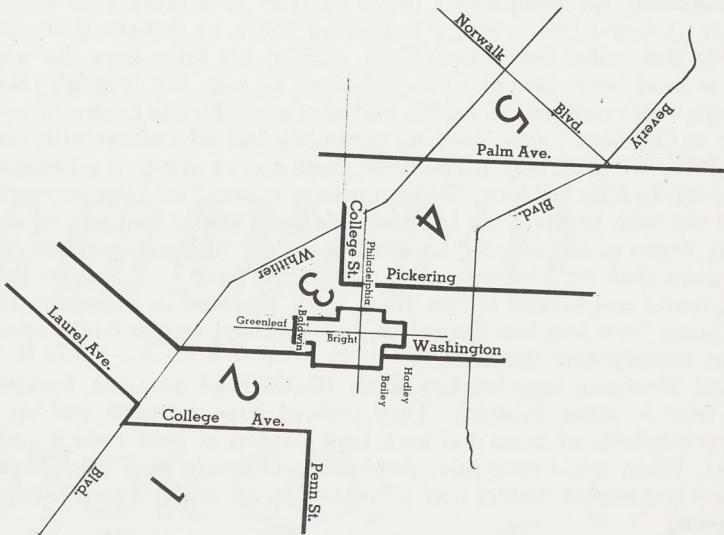
The pride of her life is an 18-year-old black horse she has owned since he was two. He was running wild in Nevada when horse runners corralled him and he was tamed and sent to Whittier where Lucille acquired him. He has many good qualities and, fitted with her black leather saddle and silver-mounted trappings, the horse, named Boy, looks as thought he might in fact have graced a rancho of the olden days.

The saddle was hand made by one of the last of the oldtime saddlers, a man named Moreno. This craftsman made and hand tooled the equipment in the window of a famous Los Angeles saddlery known as Brydon Bros. Miss Rowland added much of the silver work to it herself, but the black leather bridle, martindale and reins were silver mounted when she acquired them. After she obtained the horse and equipment, she made herself a costume authentically patterned after those in vogue in Southern California a century and more ago. She made first a pure white dress which usually attracted the judges' eyes at fiestas, parades and similar festivals and later she whipped up a red-and-white dress with velvet bodice which bid fair to duplicate the success of the original garment.

Lucille, her mother and her step-father, John Anderson, live today on part of the original Yorba rancho. Often the two older folks walk out in the cool of the evening, sometimes accompanied by Miss Rowland on horseback, and climb to the top of a nearby knoll "for a breath of air." From this knoll, which is quite treeless, they can see in all directions, the lands which once belonged to the Yorbias in the days when Spanish and later Mexican administrators ruled over the land.

A sign of the times, however, this knoll has been purchased by a real estate firm. Soon, perhaps, it will suffer the fate of much pioneer land hereabouts, and be subdivided for tract developments.

## When to Put Out Your Trash

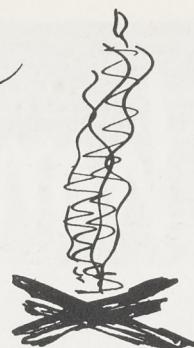


Here's how the new weekly trash collection will work when it goes into effect August 1 in Whittier city. Collection day for Zone 1 is Monday; Zone 2, Tuesday; Zone 3, Wednesday; Zone 4, Thursday; Zone 5, Friday. Trash trucks will be idle only on New Year's Day, Decoration Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas, but collections will be made later in the week in which each holiday falls.

# Dear Boys and Girls

*Suddenly from out of the past  
A vision will arise  
Of merry folk with brown, bare knees  
And laughter in their eyes.*

*For once you've been a camper  
Then something has come to stay  
Deep in your hearts forever  
Which nothing can take away.*



Tess Miller has been to Camp Arbolado and now SHE has brown, bare knees, . . . and laughter in her eyes, . . . and memories that will come real strong every time she smells pine trees, or hears a cricket, or sees a campfire burning. There is no place in the world like camp. And Tess was a good camper. In Swimming, she passed from the Minnows Club to the Fish Club. In Crafts, she made a bracelet for her Mother, an ashtray for her Daddy and a tie-rack for brother Tim. (Of course, Tim doesn't use ties, but the rack is fine for ropes and kite string.) She learned a lot of good songs and acted out the one about THE THREE PIRATES. She shared the neatest and cleanest cabin. She played short-stop on the winning softball team. And besides, she got a red ribbon for Archery and a Blue one for Horseback riding.



Tess is still too excited right now to be able to tell you everything about Camp. All she can talk about is going back next year. But I feel certain that there is *another* reason why Tess is walking around in a dream world. She's been

thinking a good deal about Paula. Tess had never seen anything like what happened to anyone like Paula.

When Paula came to camp she was a jerk. She couldn't do anything. Besides, she didn't want to do anything. She always had her face in a book. She was late for everything because she tried to walk and read at the same time. She cried one day when one



of her precious books fell into the pool. She even tried to eat with a book in her lap but the counselor put an end to that. She was hopeless. All the kids wondered why she had even bothered to come. Her "camp-name" was "BOOKBAT". Because one night she thought she heard a bat in her cabin and tried to hit it with her biggest book.

But on the fourth night of camp something happened to Paula which had never happened before. she HAD to do something in front of people. It was a Special Entertainment night around the campfire. Everyone who didn't perform in a group had to perform alone. All the other kids had worked up a skit or a song with someone else ahead of time, but Paula didn't know anything about it. So when the Head Counselor looked around to see who hadn't taken a turn she spotted Paula looking pale and frightened like a 10 year-old ghost.

"Paula, it's your turn."

What could Paula do?

She'd never done anything in her life except READ. She didn't know anything but stories. She hadn't even noticed what the other kids had been doing that night. She'd been thinking hard and deep about a wonderful story of an Indian girl, which she had just finished that afternoon.

And then it happened.

Slowly and softly the words came.

Paula was telling the story of the Indian girl.

Soon, she was so excited that she forgot all about herself.

When she finished, no one spoke. The counselor finally managed to say . . . "that's all for to-night, girls." No one in camp had ever heard such an interesting story so beautifully told. It was the best campfire they had ever

had. On the way back to their cabins the girls all surrounded Paula and begged her to tell them some more.

And early the next morning the girls sought her again for more stories. She even had to promise them a "special one" for every night before "Lights Out".

Paula, the jerk, became the most popular girl at camp.

By the end of the week, she was even laughing with the rest.

Of course she didn't change completely.

Hidden under her pillow was a book entitled HOW TO SWIM.

*I can see the campfire gleaming  
See the smoke rise thru the trees.  
I can see the gleaming moonlight  
As it flickers thru the leaves.  
I can hear the still night voices  
And their chorus seems to say:  
Come you back you child of nature.  
Come you back to camp to stay.*

*Good Camping!  
Grandma  
Whittier*

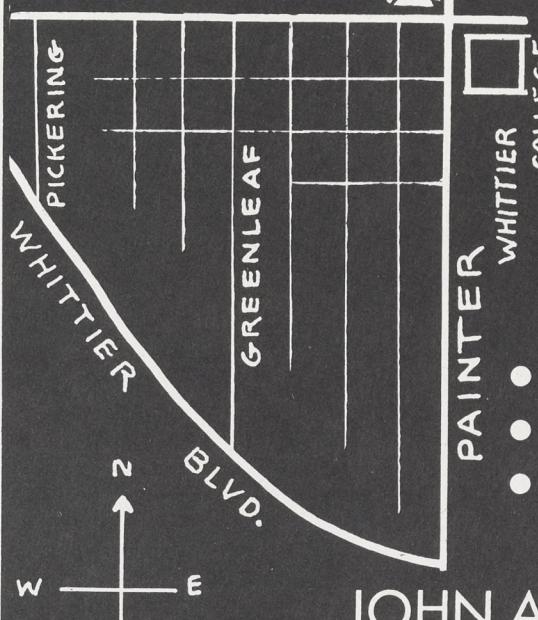


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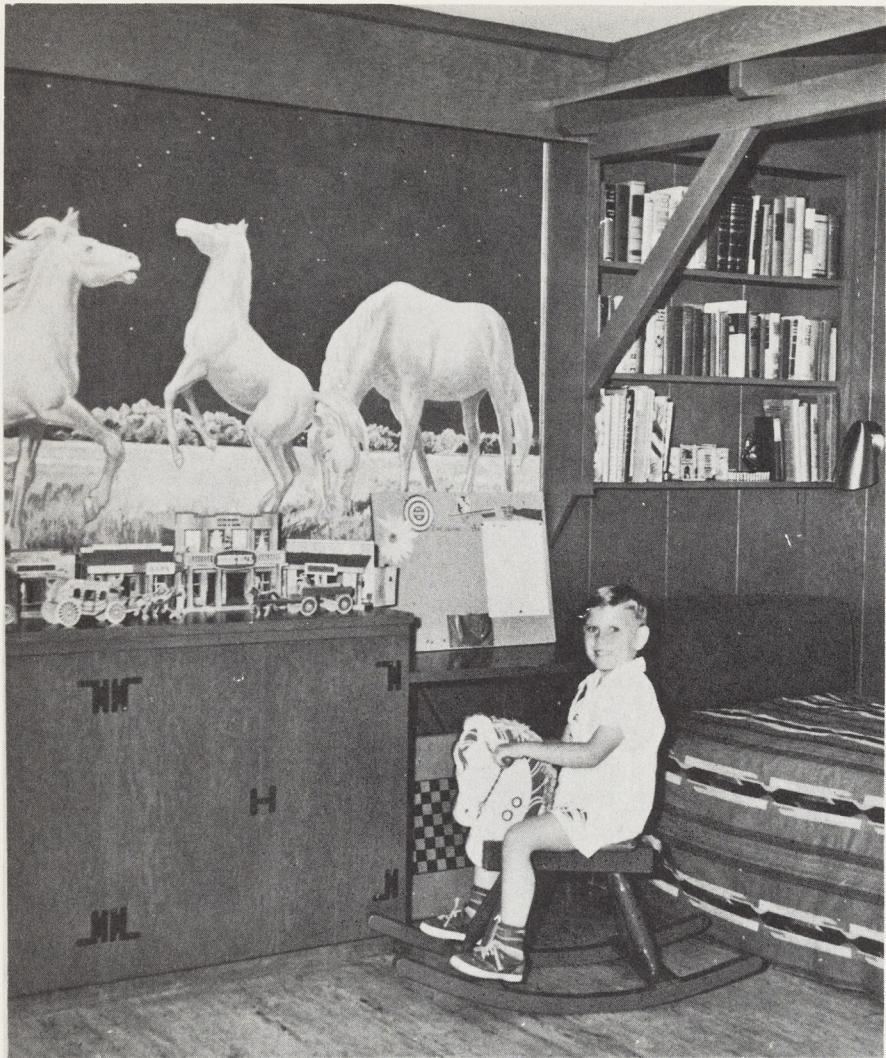


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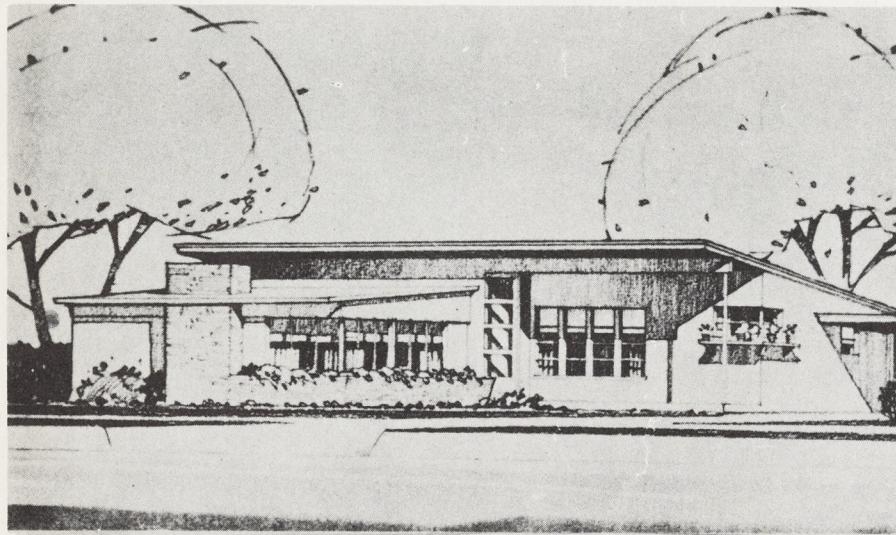
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BEVERLY BOULEVARD AT ROSEMEAD



Darrel has a typical boy's room, with red-stained paneled walls, a large horse mural above built-in cabinets and desk. A miniature Knott's Ghost Town is on the shelf to the left. Steer skin rug covers floor.



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# home + hearth

By ALBERTA STONE

"Dreamy" is the word for the D. P. (Andy) Andersons' home high in the hills of La Habra Heights. Overlooking the immediate surroundings of pleasant hills and valleys, from this gorgeous home one may gaze out to Catalina and see endless miles of the California coast line (on smogless day, that is). The house conforms neatly with the hillside, amid some seven acres of avocados and family fruit trees. Built in a sort of U-shape, the house has view windows in every room.

Marian and Andy Anderson designed their dream house themselves, while Fred Kline, of Anaheim, built it. It contains many rather unusual features, but the theme carried throughout the house is a love of living greenery; numerous planting areas are placed to serve as lacy partitions in some instances, and sometimes to bring the outdoors in.

One enters the house through a protected patio containing a lovely rock garden. The large front door leads into an entry backed by a curved flagstone divider holding majestic plants which nearly reach the beamed ceiling. Through these beautiful leaves you see the dining room to the left. Far to the right, at one end of the spacious living room, is another rectangle of similar plants. In the corner of the dining room, flanked on one side by a picture window, on the other by a raised fireplace, is a grouping of plants that literally touch the ceiling. There are several others in the house, but perhaps the most unique is in the master suite, at the foot of a square yellow tub!

In the dining room there is an unusual table, of chartreuse, wrought iron and with a frosted glass top. An interesting feature is that two semi-circular end tables may be added to the large rectangle table to form an oblong that will seat 12 to 14 persons when desired. Otherwise these twin tables flank the walls as sideboards. This arrangement was designed by Mrs. Anderson, and executed at her father's farm—Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park.

The kitchen has a birch paneled island in the center, with a wooden work surface, and copper planters on the high back. Colorful rooster plates hang on the soft green walls, while red potted geraniums sit on a high shelf that runs around two sides of the room. A black and red plaid sink highlights the rest of the paneled kitchen.

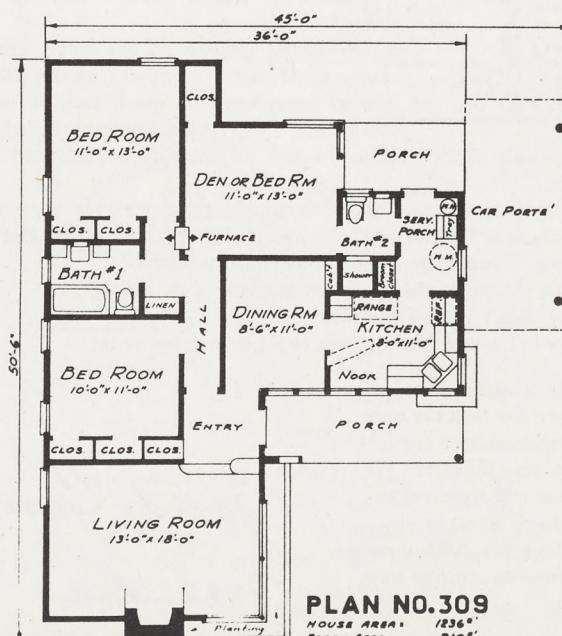
### Own your own Home . . .

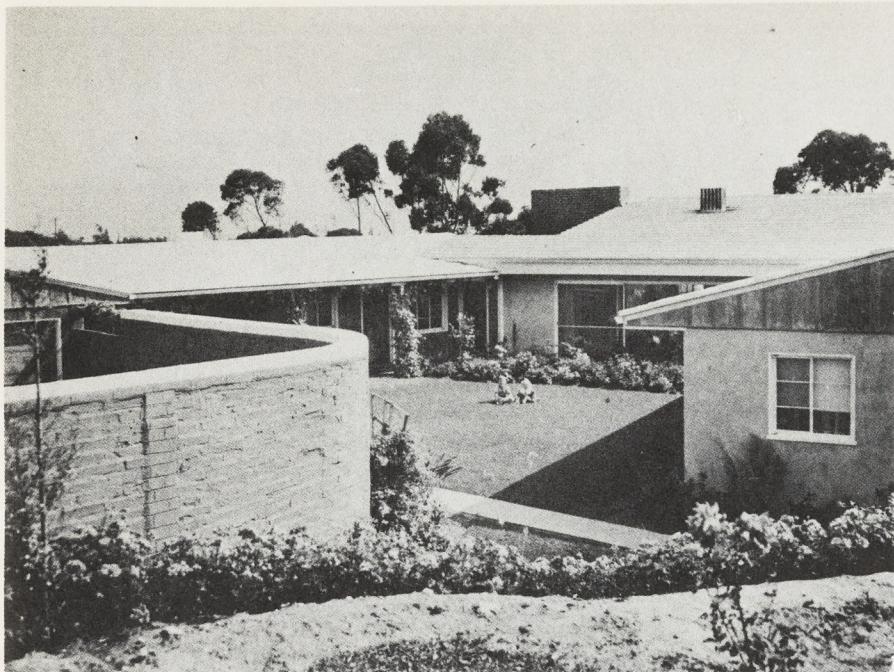
This three bedroom home is ideally laid out with a central hallway that makes direct access to practically every room possible. Modern in architecture, its interior design retains a simplicity in arrangement prized for comfortable living.

Abundant closet space is provided. There are two in each bedroom, one each in the den and entry hall and convenient linen and broom closets—making storage more a pleasure than a problem.

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Prepared by Geo. J. Fosdyke  
Structural and Civil Engineer

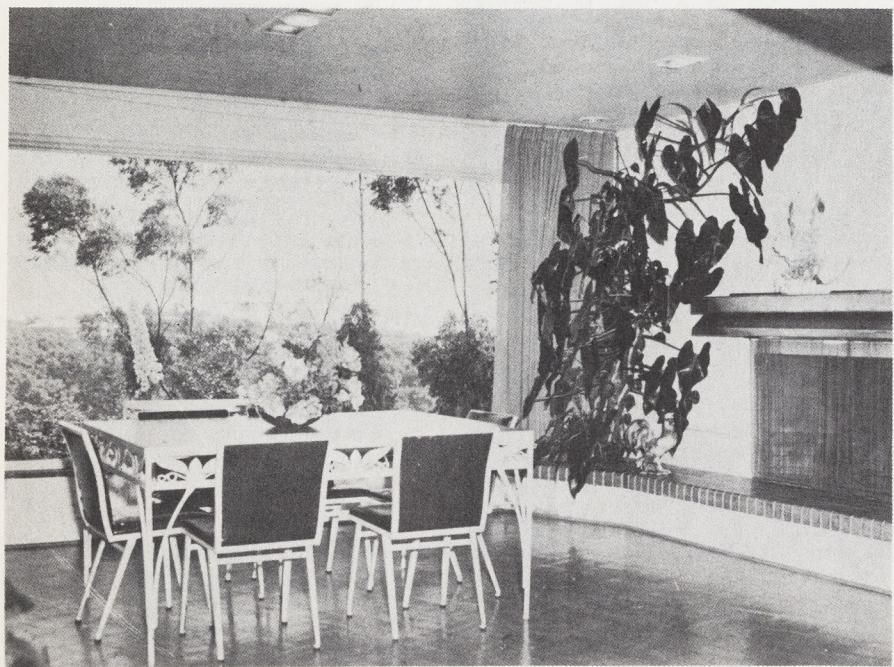




From the rose garden one looks into the patio surrounded by the U-shape of house. Kitchen and service wing is on the left, bedrooms on the right.



Sectional pieces surround a huge square coffee table in front of sliding glass panels, looking into rock garden end of the patio.



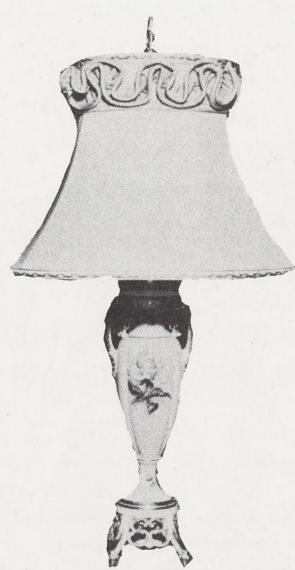
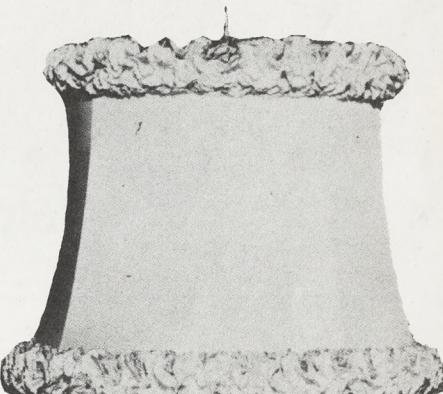
The raised fireplace with huge plants in corner make the deep green and chartreuse of dining area most pleasant. Wall to left is papered with a bamboo scene.



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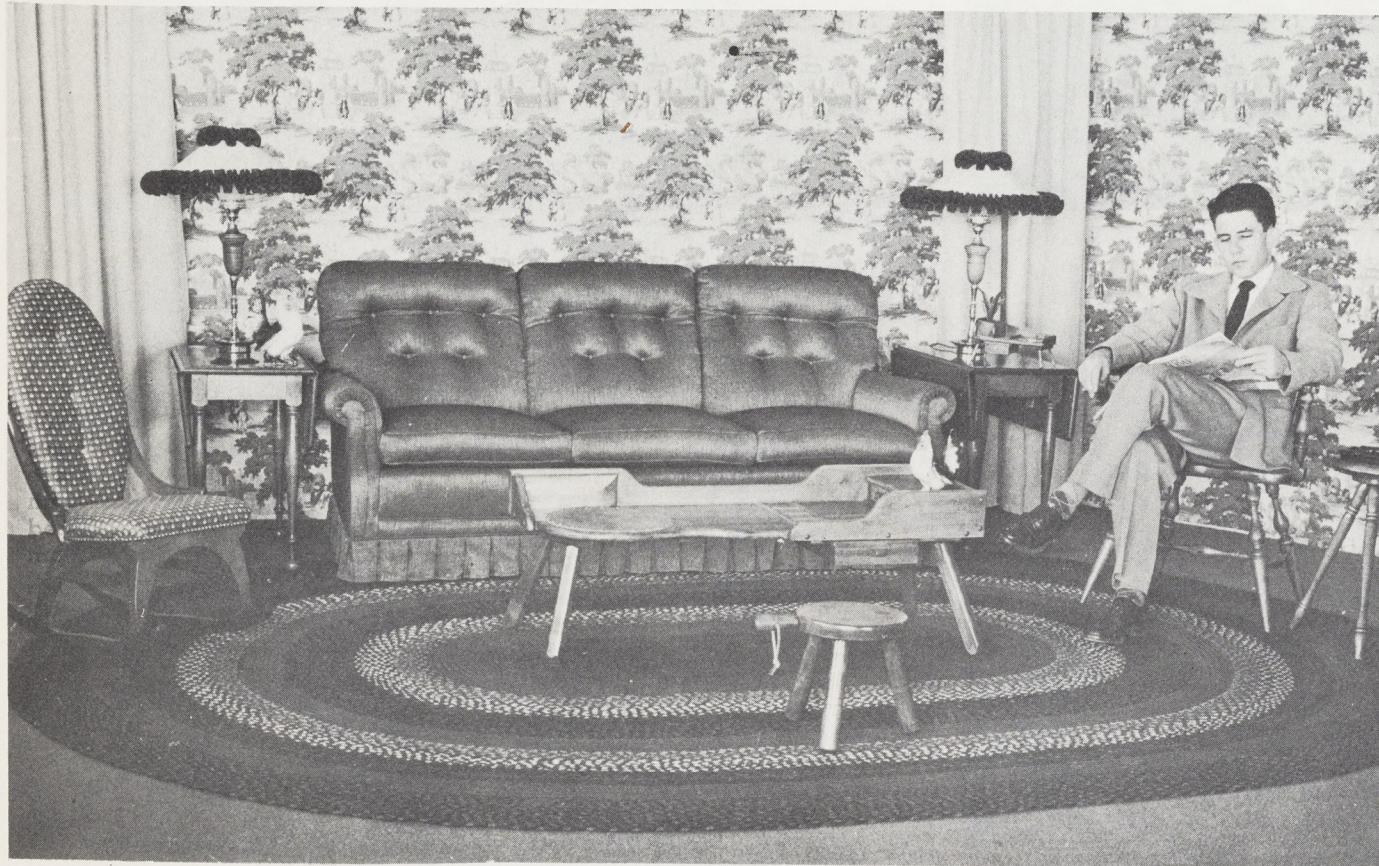
409 E. Philadelphia St.  
(near Painter)





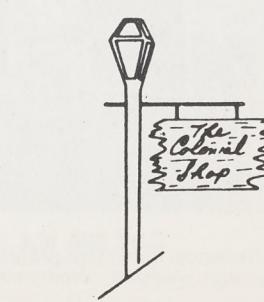
The sunken brick fireplace has a suspended copper hood, is surrounded on two sides by a built-in coral leather davenport, on the other two by huge deep green bolsters. The large picture window looks to the sea.

## R-E-L-A-X in Early American Comfort



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## HAMBURGER AND MUSHROOMS

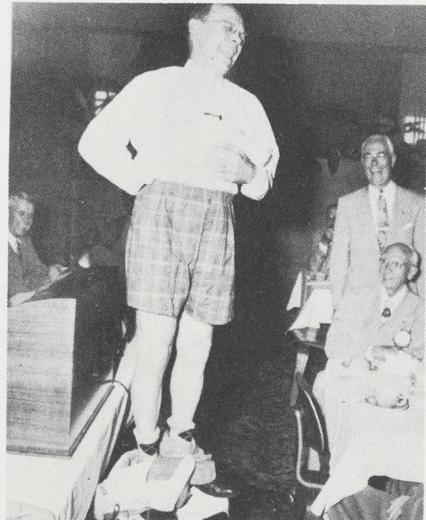
In these days of sky-high meat prices when the housewife, with an eye to the budget, thinks the cow has literally jumped over the moon, Mrs. Clarence P. Baker, of 1202 Putnam Avenue, has her own idea of how to bring the cow and the budget into happy balance. Her solution is to serve hamburger and mushrooms as the main dish for dinner.

Mrs. Baker is not the only recipe-minded person in the family. Mr. Baker, who teaches at Whittier College, where his wife is a student, is an old hand at original recipes. "Clarence always makes the dressing for our salads. He never uses the same combination twice and what he turns out is really very special," Mrs. Baker said. Thus, when they team up in the kitchen to make hamburger and mushrooms and a tossed green salad for dinner it is really a meal a la Baker. Since Clarence never uses the same thing twice, it is not possible to give you a recipe for his salad dressing; but if you should care for something a little different the next time you are making a tossed green salad call 45-2580 and perhaps Mr. Baker will be able to help you by remote control. Mrs. Baker's recipe follows:

Brown a half pound of hamburger (any grade, and the quantity may be increased if serving more than four) 1 bay leaf, a half a clove of fresh garlic shaved (garlic salt may be used); add one box of fresh mushrooms or its canned equivalent. There is usually enough moisture to this mixture but if it is dry add a little water or stock. Add 1 T. Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste. Add more liquid if necessary and simmer for 20 min. Serve over brown rice which has been steaming while the sauce was being prepared.

## DEPANTED, DEMOTED

As it must to all head Lions, demotion came last week to Roy McCartney, outgoing Lions Club president. In a dramatic ceremony, Roy was accused of pilfering clothing from Hill's Clothiers, where he is employed. Bert Hill stepped up to verify the charge. Sure enough, price tags were found on Roy's tie, shirt, belt, trousers, and then—by acclamation—his more intimate apparel was examined. At this point Andy Cummings took a picture ➤



Glossy 8x10-inch photographs of pictures printed in THE PICTORIAL may be purchased at our office, \$1 each. For 5x7-inch prints the price is 60c each. Prices for contact prints and large orders may be had by phoning 45-0274. We also take many pictures which, because of space limitations or for other reasons, never appear in the magazine; you may see proofs and order prints from these negatives by calling at THE PICTORIAL office.

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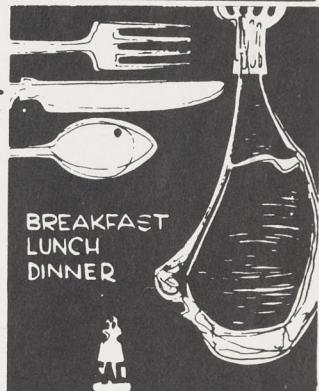
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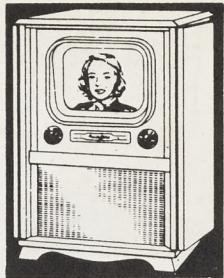
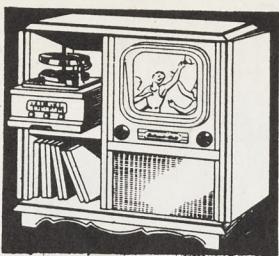
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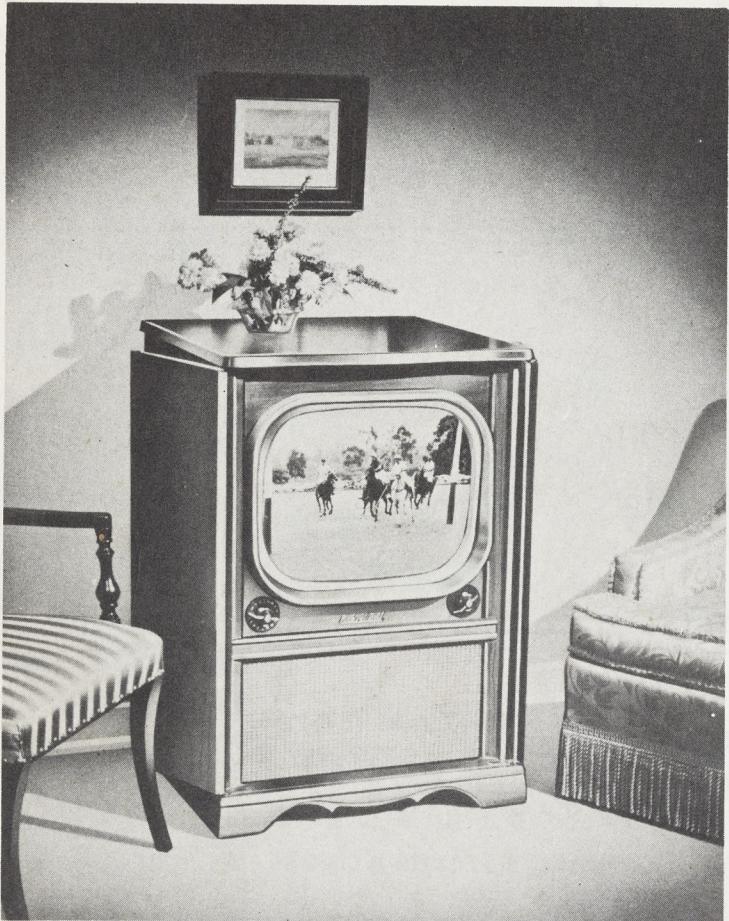


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